

"PEACE ON EARTH" GETTYSBURG BLUE FLASHES TO GRAY

Veterans Wig-Wag Messages of
Joy From Round Top to
Manassas in War Code.

REVELRY ON LAST DAY.

Nightshirt Procession Precedes
Happy Fourth—Camp
Broken.

By Lindsay Denison.
(Staff Correspondent of The Evening
World.)

BATTLEFIELD, GETTYSBURG, Pa., July 5.—The liveliest memories here are those of fifty years ago or more. But a longer memory than that is needed to reach back to the memory of such a reception as Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, had from the tag end of this celebration. There are here men who have made a business of following Presidents for the last thirty years. None of them ever saw anything like it. Prepared with an address which should have thrilled every man and woman who heard it, Mr. Wilson went flat.

Some say there was resentment among the five thousand veterans in his audience because he shifted in his original acceptance of the invitation to come here. He said he would attend early in the week; said he would not come; then he came.

To one who went to the meeting expecting it to be the roaring climax of a heart-bursting work the thing could not be accounted for by any such explanation. The President had not spoken more than two hundred words before his face, the tone of his voice and his carriage showed that he felt the same chill about him. The big audience seemed to hold its breath. People began to go out. The President hurried along the last sentences of his speech and seemed to sigh with relief when it was done.

EVIDENCE OF STRAIN ON OLD MEN AT REUNION.

There could be no stronger evidence of the strain which has rested on the hearts of the men who have been on this field for the last seven days.

The fifth infantry band went swinging out from the Federal camp at half-past 4 o'clock of the Fourth, in the half light of dawn. They played "Dixie" and "Marching Through Georgia." From tent after tent came grizzled men in nightshirts, pajamas or plain underclothes and yelled and fell in line and marched behind them. Old men and young, with their arms about each other, danced on the grass. Nothing crisper than that band parade in the dawn light ever happened. Nobody knows exactly why it happened. The band men say that "they heard the band was ordered out and so got up and dressed and fell in." Nobody in authority ordered them out.

It was daybreak of July 4 after the greatest love feast in nineteen hundred years and the band simply had spontaneous hysteria like everybody else. They walked straight as ramrods, grave as only a band musician can be grave, unsmiling of the wild idiots who were capering and yelling in a whirling multitude. They came up through Long Lane to the plaza in front of Gen. Liggett's tent. The General came bolting out in his pajamas, making a noise like a machine gun in action. Then he saw what was going on and laughed and clapped his hands. The solemn band wheeled and marched back again and the General and everybody else went back to bed.

The President of the United States did not make much of any difference, more or less, after they woke up. In the humble opinion of at least one observer it was that all-inspired, looney, daylight parade which took all the edge off of Mr. Wilson's speech. Or, at any rate, it was the spirit which was expressed by the outbreak.

The working of this reunion has been beyond anything expected. We have been talking for years about the brotherhood of the Blue and the Gray. In the last four days that talk has all come true.

The general tiredness has hit everything and everybody except the United States Army. The army is tending the sick, feeding the healthy, loading railroad trains and taking down tents as though such proceedings as those since Monday were really part of the business of being prepared for war. But it has not got for a moment forgotten its real feelings.

Just at noon Gen. Liggett, in white and gold, appeared in front of his tent facing the great flag in the middle of the camp and stood at attention. Thirty feet in front of him Lieut. Buckner stopped short in his tracks. Lieut. Saunders, who had been working over his accounts, appeared rigid at the sight of his tent. No word of Gen. Liggett's order for five minutes of silence in respect for the flag had gone abroad in the camp except to the regular army men. Nevertheless the spirit of it was in the air. From ridge to ridge across the field old men drew themselves up with knees and heels together and with their arms stiffly held at their sides. Forty-eight guns spoke the feeling which Blue and Gray, young and old, could not have found voice to utter.

GEN. SICKLES DENIES HE'S EVEN NEAR DEAD

Gen. Daniel Sickles came into town to deny the rumor that he was dead. The late Mark Twain once had occasion to say to the public that the rumors of his death were greatly exaggerated.

106 Mothers Celebrate by Entering Babies in Great Health Prize Contest

Total for Three Days in
First District Reaches
376, With Some Turned
Away Because They
Live Outside Boundary
Limits.

Stimulus to Better Care
of Children a Blessing
to His Parish, Says a
Priest—Finds Mothers
Are Eager to Learn and
Win Awards.

The glorious Fourth made no difference whatever with the throngs of eager parents anxious to register their babies in the big Better Babies' Contest now under way at Public School No. 91, Brooklyn.

As early as 8 A. M. mothers and fathers began to arrive, each interested in a precious bit of humanity that was "sure to win an Evening World prize."

By 9, the opening hour, seventy mothers were in line to register little John or Louis, or Margaret or Kate, and at noon, the closing hour, 106 tots and been added to the list of entries.

Miss Georgiana Brown and her staff of Extension Association workers were all on hand, each enthusiastically proclaiming that this was the best Fourth of July ever.

"There were only twelve things that made me feel a little bit unhappy today," said Miss Brown, "and they were applications from outside our contest district. Some of them came from as far away as Bond street and Bay Ridge. Evidently the contest is creating a vast amount of interest and—really I'm too busy to talk," laughed Miss Brown as she turned to a group of mothers who evidently had a great many questions to ask.

One of the most interested visitors to the contest headquarters yesterday was Father Giovanni, pastor of the nearby Italian church.

"This is a great work," he said to the Evening World reporter. "Great because it teaches the mothers how to take care of their little ones. How to feed them, how to dress them, how to make them comfortable and happy, how to keep them healthy. The mother comes here, has her baby weighed, is told whether it is too thin or too fat, is told everything about the baby that a mother should know, and she gets her information from experts. She is interested, of course, and must profit by the information. This work is not only educational, but the most practical kind of charity and I cannot praise too highly the excellent women and public spirited physicians who are giving so much of their time to the contest. I will commend it highly to my parishioners."

To date 376 babies have been registered. Registration will continue daily from 9 to 12 A. M. until July 8 inclusive.

TROOPS CHARGE RIOTERS IN JOHANNESBURG STREETS; FOUR KILLED, FIFTY HURT.

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa, July 5.—Rioting connected with the general strike of the gold miners on the Rand which yesterday caused the death of four civilians and the wounding of fifty others in a fight between the strikers and the troops, continued throughout the night. At midnight a mob looted a gunsmith's store, and firing became general. Shots of cavalry with drawn swords patrolled all the streets frequently, charging and scattering groups of rioters, who constantly collected again in order to loot the stores and to destroy the electric lamps, the light from which helped the troops to discover the disturbers' whereabouts.

Firing was incessant for hours after midnight in the riot area and many further casualties occurred, but it was impossible to obtain accurate details. There were repeated cavalry charges and fusillades accompanied by the crashing of windows, shouting and the rushing hither and thither of excited mobs.

The police and troops showed great restraint throughout the affair.

Negro to Marry White Girl.
George B. Smith, a negro, after obtaining a marriage license to wed India E. Campbell, a white girl, failed to persuade City Magistrate Butts to marry them this morning in the Tombs Court. The Magistrate denied his refusal to marry the couple was because of their different race, but said he did not believe in Magistrates performing marriage ceremonies. The couple left the Tombs Court and went in search of a minister. Smith said the license was obtained after a seven years' romance which started in Virginia. He gave his age as twenty-three, and his address as No. 215 East Fifth street. The girl, who is pretty, said she was nineteen years old and lived at No. 42 West Sixteenth street.

Gen. Sickles went further. He said it was a damned lie. He went even further yet. In addition he said: "My enemies have been circulating those rumors about me ever since I left New York. They are a lot of scoundrels. I'll be alive when most of them are dead. Further than that I have nothing to say."

Serget C. H. Marcey of the Union Signal Corps went to Little Round Top yesterday and, using the old civil war code, wigwagged this message to Charles Round of Manassas, Va., at headquarters: Peace on earth, good will to men."



GENEVIEVE COLBERG

How Babies Will Be Judged For Health Contest Prizes

The chief object of the Better Babies' Contest is to teach mothers how to make and keep their babies healthy physically and mentally. Prizes are awarded on health points only. Mere beauty of face or physique does not count.

The mother first registers her baby. Later it is physically examined by a committee of physicians and the physical and mental development charted according to a perfect standard.

The good and bad points are carefully set down on a score card and from it the mother may learn just what deficiencies she has to correct in her child. The score card at a glance gives the right and wrong condition of every part of the baby, and doctors and nurses advise the mothers as to what treatment the child requires.

Should an infant not qualify for the first series of prizes the mother is instructed how to improve the child, so that at the end of six months it may win an IMPROVEMENT PRIZE.

Nursing Baby Favorite In Health Prize Race

Child Nourished by Own Mother Has Best Chance
for Life, Strength and Size, Says Dr. Baker
in Daily Health Talk.

"The baby that will stand the best chance of winning a prize in the Better Babies' contests is the baby that is nourished by its own mother," said Dr. S. Josephine Baker, Director of Child Hygiene, Department of Health, today.

"I want to say to all you mothers: nurse your baby if you possibly can. 'If you do your baby has ten times as many chances of living as it would have if you fed it from a bottle. It has many more chances of growing into a strong, healthy man or woman. 'For years doctors have been keeping count of babies' deaths and studying the reasons why babies die. This is what they have learned:

"Bottle fed babies die before they are a year old to one that is fed by its mother.

"Nursing babies who live are almost always bigger and stronger than those fed from bottles.

"Drowsy men and women who were nursed as babies are much more likely to be tall and strong than those who were not.

"The races most in the habit of nursing their children are the strongest.

"Some mothers are sick and can't nurse their babies. The doctor is the one to decide whether you can or not. Don't let any neighbor advise you about it.

"If you can't nurse your baby, I am sorry for you. I am going to tell you some things in these little talks that will help you in feeding it.

"But some mothers are too lazy or selfish to nurse their little ones. They had rather run the risk of killing their child than be bothered with nursing. They are not natural mothers. I can't help them. They don't deserve help.

"Nature meant babies to feed from their mother's breasts. If you try to cheat nature you are pretty sure to have to pay for it. And the price you pay is often your baby's life.

"Mothers' milk is the best and safest food for babies under one year of age. That is because nature planned it so and nature doesn't make mistakes.

"The mother who doesn't nurse her baby because she is too lazy or selfish is really cheating herself, for it is much easier to nurse a baby than prepare food for it, if you prepare the food right.

"When you feed your baby as Nature planned you always have the best food for him. No matter where you may be with your baby. You cannot always get cow's milk. When you can't get cow's milk. Remember that milk which may do for strong, grown up people often makes a baby sick.

"Mother's milk is almost always good.

MARY DONOVAN

a bottle carefully prepared. I will tell you in another talk how to fix milk and take care of the bottles when you are unable to nurse your baby.

"But if you want to give your baby its best chance to live and be strong, nurse it if possible. The best way to learn how, when, and why to nurse your baby, and how to keep yourself in the best shape to do so, is to go to the nearest milk station for advice."

HITS POST IN LEAP FROM CAR; REBOUNDS, IS KILLED.

Young Man Caught Under the
Wheels When He Jumps From
Moving Trolley.

As a Fort George car, southbound on Third avenue, was nearing Ninety-fourth street about 3.30 A. M. today, a young man jumped from the front vestibule. He struck against an "L" pillar, rebounded against the car and became entangled in the machinery.

Several women on the car, returning after the holiday, faintly as they saw the mangled body drawn out with one of the arms torn from its socket. Mortimer Patrick Rowan said he had no idea the passenger meant to alight before the car stopped, and had made no attempt to open the door for him.

The victim was later identified as John Walsh, nineteen years old, of No. 348 East Ninety-fourth street.

SPRINTS ON WHEEL, SAVES 3.

See Fire from Afar and Carries
Out Two Women and Child.

Two women and a child narrowly escaped death when fire destroyed the home and barns of Benjamin Weirauch, a farmer of Clinton, N. J., shortly before midnight. The fire started in one of the barns and spread to the house.

Walter Hoffman of Passaic saw the smoke from a distance. Jumping on his bicycle he raced to the scene and burst open the front door. On the second floor he found Mrs. Weirauch and her two-year-old boy unconscious. In another room was Mrs. Henry Peterson, a relative. He carried all three safely to the ground before the flames cut off escape by the stairway.

All three buildings were burned to the ground and several horses killed. The loss is \$12,000.

BOY BANDIT CAPTURED.

Charged With Robbery at Point of
Revolver.

Charged with carrying a revolver and robbing a pedestrian at One Hundred and Seventy-fourth street and Third avenue, the Bronx, last night, John Ryan of No. 62 East One Hundred and Twentieth street, waived examination before Magistrate Schmitt in the Morrisania Police Court today and was held in \$5,000 bail. Patrolman Prann of the Tremont station arrested Ryan last night on the complaint of William Miller of No. 168 Bathkate avenue, who said that at One Hundred and Twentieth street and Third avenue the boy robbed him of his watch at the point of a revolver. When arrested, according to the officer, Ryan had an empty "gun" in his pocket.

CAPTURES THE JUNK FOR TRIP TO HONGKONG.

"Oh," says I, "me and my dog have been out for an evening's stroll and missed our way. But, anyhow, I want to get to Hongkong."

"We no goes Hongkong," says the Chinik. "We go Philippines."

"Well, sir, I saw then and there it was no use arguing with the Chinik. I wanted to get to Hongkong and the Indrani as fast as I could.

"Hongkong go," says I.

"Hongkong no," says the Chinik. "And bang! I let him have it. I got him on the cuff of his leg and hit all over himself. The other Chinik at the tiller makes a lunge for me with a knife and I kicked him amidships and he let a groan out of him like a lost soul. And I took the tiller myself and swung the junk about in what I figured to be the general direction of Hongkong.

"But the Chinik I took on the jaw wanted more. The other one was holding his stomach and calling on his ancestors to protect him from the terrible devil of the sea. The other Chinik came for me on the run, but he hadn't figured on 'Pluffy,' and that blessed dog got him by the cuff of his leg and hit until his teeth met. That was his direction. She was heading toward China and that was good enough for me.

"When morning broke I was so tired I had to pinch myself to keep awake. And so we sailed along until about midday, when I saw the smoke of a steamer and I knew I was in her direction. She was heading toward China and that was good enough for me.

CHINESE HURLS KNIFE AT HIM IN FAREWELL.

In about two hours I came up to her and began to wave my shirt, which I

CHOW DOG SAILOR AND MASTER TURN INTO PIRATES BOLD

Lost Overboard at Sea, They
Float and Float Until They
See a Chinese Jurk.

AND OH! HOW DARK!

But They Capture the Ship and
Use It to Find Their Own
—Pup Confirms Story.

The British freighter Indrani lies at her moorings in Bush Stores, having aboard a cargo of Far East merchandise and the tale of a dog and a midshipman. The ship news reporter had hardly scrambled over the side than he was greeted by the two heroes in as thrilling an adventure as are befalls men who go down to the sea in ships.

And if it hadn't been for Capt. J. C. Pitcher's dog, Pluffy, there would not have been a tale. Pluffy is half fox and half Chinese chow. He was brought aboard one night in Shanghai and has never left the ship but once since. That once made the tale. During the years that Pluffy has been on the Indrani he has traveled a total of 250,000 miles.

Two years ago Edward J. Armadon joined the ship as a midshipman, and he and Pluffy became chums.

The Indrani was one day out of Manila and heading for Hong Kong. The burning sun had been swallowed by the sea and the afterglow made the water shimmer like molten metal. Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, Pluffy went over the side. Almost instantly the quartermaster on the bridge sang out, "Man overboard!" and the midshipman, with a dive as clean as a whistle, went over the rail, striking the water within a dozen feet of the struggling chow. Some one threw a life preserver and the ship swept by. In a few strokes the midshipman had reached the dog, and when he had gotten into the white, floating ring, Armadon took a survey of the situation. The Indrani had been stopped about half a mile astern, and the midshipman could see a boat being lowered. He saw the boat swung from the davits, saw it take the water and then darkness fell.

SC DARK HE FELT BLINDFOLDED ON THE SEA.

"Why, it was just like as if some one had thrown a coat over my head. It was dark," said the midshipman. "And the worst of it was that there wasn't a star in the sky. Well, I began to sing out loud and long, and Pluffy began to bark, and after a bit I heard a faint reply from the boat. I began to yell again. But this time I got no answer. Was I scared? Well, I should say. I began to yell like a madman, and Pluffy, whom I was holding against my chest with my left arm, howled in chorus. But not an answer did we get.

"Well, sir, I yelled until I couldn't yell no more, and Pluffy barked until he almost split and then he began to lick my face to comfort me. That was the longest and worst night I ever had. I put through. And, say, it was black as midnight when I saw something so black it stood out of the blackness ahead of me. I didn't see any lights, so I figured it wasn't a ship, but after a bit, as it got nearer, I saw it was a Chinese boat. When we got within half a mile I began to sing out, and Pluffy begins to bark, and after a bit I began to swim the best I could toward the junk, and pretty soon a hand gripped me by the back of the neck and helped me to the deck.

"I was a small craft, and the entire crew consisted of two Chinamen. They were astonished enough to see a white man come out of the sea, but when they saw I had a dog with me they almost fell overboard. One of the Chinamen spoke pidgin English, and he wanted to know where I came from.

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MIDSHIPMAN WHO TURNED PIRATE TO SAVE CHOW DOG.



had taken off to dry. After a bit the steamer began to slow down and swung alongside. They dropped a ladder over the side, and without making any explanation I grab 'Pluffy' and jumps for the ladder. I had hardly left the junk and was scrambling up the iron side of the steamer when something whizzed by my ear and struck the steel plates with a crash. One of the Chinamen had come his knife at me in farewell.

"The steamer was the British tramp Ambrosia and she was bound for Hongkong. When 'Pluffy' and me stepped aboard the Indrani a few days later they thought they were seeing things."

"Well, that was certainly a wonderful adventure," said the ship news reporter.

"Oh, nothing to speak of—nothing at all, in fact," replied the midshipman, with a bored expression.

FIGHTS HIS RESCUER AND IS KNOCKED OUT.

Recreation Pier Life Saver Nearly
Drowned by Man Struggling
in East River.

Edward J. Kelly, one of the Recreation Pier corps of life savers, saw a man huffing a strong tide in the East River today opposite Metropolitan avenue. Kelly, in his swimming trunks, dove into the river and was soon at the man's side. As Kelly started to tow the man ashore, the latter vigorously gummelled the life saver. Kelly let go his hold and returned the man's blow with such enthusiasm that the fellow was knocked unconscious.

Meantime the life saving crew attracted by the battle in the river, hurried to the rescue. The crew found Kelly's right arm clinching the man's long hair. The two men were hauled aboard. Kelly's victim was unconscious, but was revived. Kelly required a doctor's attention.

The victim was George Gerbert, twenty-three years old, of No. 1377 Eighth avenue. Gerbert was leading a horse along the pier of the American Sugar Refining Company when the horse reared and Gerbert was thrown into the water. The tide carried him rapidly into the river. He was five blocks away from the pier when Kelly spotted him.

DOWNTOWN NUTTS ORGANIZE Club Incorporated for Purposes of Sociability and Charity.

Supreme Court Justice Giegerich today signed a certificate of incorporation of the Downtown Nutt Club, a social organization, at the request of Attorney David Morris of 37 Broadway.

The object of the organization, as given in the articles of incorporation is: "To promote sociability and good fellowship among its members; to maintain a place so that its members can meet there; also to assist voluntarily its members in distress."

The following are the directors: George and John Van Arman, 40 Gold street; Owen J. Gleason, 44 St. Nicholas avenue; Peter S. Cameron, No. 94 Guernsey street, Brooklyn; Fred C. Stegeman, No. 108 Logan street, Brooklyn; Fred Brunken, No. 63 Washington street, Brooklyn and Fred Birckel, No. 327 Darby street, Brooklyn. A location for a club room is being sought.

NATHAN STRAUS ILL.

Takes Physician and Nurses to His
Summer Home.

ALEXANDRIA, N. Y., July 1.—Nathan Straus of New York arrived yesterday on a special train from New York, accompanied by Mrs. Straus, his special physician and two trained nurses. He was met at Clayton, N. Y., by his yacht Sissilia and taken to his home, Olympia, on Cherry Island.

Mr. Straus is reported to be seriously ill.

To Women Broken Down?

Whether it's from business overwork, household drudgery or overindulgence in child-bearing, you need a Restorative Tonic of Blood-purifying, Nervine and Regulator.

Dr. Pierce's
Favorite Prescription

Is recommended as such, having been compounded to set in harmony with woman's peculiarly delicate and sensitive constitution.

Yelp Druggist Will Supply You

PISTOL-BATTLE WITH ROBBERS OF POST-OFFICE

Gang Routed from Stolen
Wagon and One Is Shot
It Is Believed.

LONG, EXCITING CHASE.

Constable of Hempstead Re-
news Fight After Being
Balked by Revolver.

A battle with post-office safe blowers was the exciting finish of a cross country chase made in his own automobile by Constable Thomas W. Murray of Hempstead, L. I., after he received word from Seaford that three robbers had left there, headed for Hempstead. The yeagmen got away, but one is believed to have been wounded.

Nothing was taken from the Seaford post-office, the robbers breaking their drill in the safe door. The noise they made attracted the attention of residents who were up early, and the three sprang into a Long Island Express Company wagon which they had stolen and fled.

A telephone message was sent to Murray. He took Mulford Newton and Harry Chilton, who had been chatting with him in the Hempstead police station, with him in his automobile. Neither Newton nor Chilton was armed.

On the way to Seaford they passed the express wagon, but did not know at the time that the robbers were traveling in such a vehicle. At Seaford Constable Murray saw the description of the yeagmen's outfit and the constable wheeled his machine about and drove at top speed back over the road just traversed. In Merrick the express wagon was overtaken, but the yeagmen drew revolvers and ordered Murray to turn his machine about and "beat it." As the yeagmen "beat the drop" on him, Murray obeyed, but afterwards returned to the chase.

Near Seaman avenue and Main street, in Freeport, the automobile, which had made a detour, waited in shadow for the express wagon to come up. As it drew near Murray opened fire. The robbers replied with their revolvers, but leaped from their wagon and ran. Murray saw one throw up his hands and stagger, as though wounded by one of the shots on him, after the fugitives. The wagon, which contained a complete armory, was recovered in Grand avenue, Freeport, and the robbers are thought to be in the woods near that